

## PASSENGERS OFF

## THE STRANDED SHIP

**All Removed Safely to the**

**Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm  
by Nightfall.**

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**ANCHOR HERE AT MIDNIGHT**

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**1,720 Persons Transferred In Five**

— Irene Hard Fast.

All of the passengers of the Prinzess Irene—1,720 men, women and children—were on board the Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm by 6 o'clock last night. At 9:10 the rescuing ship started for Hoboken. She passed Quarantine at 12:22 A. M. and had wireless orders to anchor off the Statue of Liberty and to dock in Hoboken at 6 A. M.

Tugs adventuring into the shallow waters to the lee of the stranded Prinzess had transhipped the passengers at Long

The life savers said it was a record performance. It prompted Lieut. Atlee, the United States inspector in charge of the Long Island life saving district, to telephone congratulations to every man who had a hand in the job.

From the rails of the big Prinz the cabin and steering mechanisms and forecastle

as they sailed away to the ship that had kept them rather pleasantly imprisoned for thirty-eight hours. They were going to New York and solid footing, but they knew there was no likelihood for the Prinzess to follow them very soon. The surfmen and the wreckers, observing that the Prinzess had imbedded herself further and further in the soft sands of Lone Hill bar, figured that it wouldn't be possible to haul her off inside of a week. It might, they thought, take much longer.

Late last night it was reported to THE SUN that the Prinzess was still staunch and watertight and that there was no likelihood of her plates weakening under the incessant whipping of the waves. Re-

keel was buried a full six feet in the sand. She swung a little to the right or the left, but the movement, so the surmise thought, was no great strain on her plates.

Capt. Frederic von Letten Petersen, his officers and his crew—380 all told—stayed aboard, ready to help the Government boats and the Merritt & Chapman tug in an attempt to haul her off at high water this morning. They were comfortable and in no danger, so Capt. Goddard of the Lone Hill life saving station reported. But in case it blew up stormy

Very early yesterday morning, just before high water came to Lone Hill bar, I. A. M., Capt. Petersen thought there was a good chance to slide off the bar and head in for New York. The Government boats pulled and the tugs strained at their wire hawsers, but it was of no use. All their best efforts could do was to slew the **Prinzess** around some fourteen degrees pivoting the big steamer on her own bow which was rammed hard in the sand.

the passengers took keen interest. They thought at first that their stay at Lone Hill would be limited indeed, but when the officers learned there was no chance of leaving that part of Lone Hill, they didn't get gloomy. Not a bit of it. The first cabin made up bridge parties and squabbled merrily over no trump make on spade hands. The band came on deck and played lively airs in the clear night. Forward, where more than 1,400 Italians were crowded, there was a tinkling of guitar and a pleasant sound of women's voices. Backward, coming back to the damp and late in the night, the first cabin cluster of surfmen around the brush fire how the first cabin passengers finally left their bridge tables to crowd forward.

Young Baker, with his boss, Cap'n Goddard, picked up through the night aboard the Prinzess something of the story of what had happened when the whole ship felt a dull shock at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. The stranding was so surprising to the ship's officers that for a few moments they were dumfounded. But discipline counted. They do things on the big liners pretty much as things are done in the navies. Fre-

from Palermo thought of their saint and called upon them. There were a few men who acted foolishly in the first scare and ran around clutching at one another. Some women screamed. All of this was only temporary. It required just a few words from Petersen's stalwart subordinates to calm the steerage folk.

The young officers went here and there in the crowds, patting women on the shoulder, yanking a man or two back to where he belonged and telling every one that the worst had happened.

So inside of an hour from the time the Princess butted into North America the ship was quiet and orderly and there were few sounds floating through the top save the murmurs from the steerage.

The first cabin passengers didn't need

to be reassured. Many of them had crossed the Atlantic before and took pride in behaving sensibly. Many of the men went to Capt. Petersen and volunteered to go among the steerage passengers and help keep the people there quiet. As it happened their services weren't needed, but it made Petersen think very well indeed of the folk in the first cabin.

Of course none of the usual precautions were neglected when the ship grounded. The lights were not disturbed—the